

ROARSHOCK PAGE

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Dawn of a new era. 2001 has arrived. Roarshock Page continues to provide a poetic view of this evolving multiverse. Lifting the veil for quick glimpses of the complicated universe, or a full on look for those with eyes to see, ears to hear, mouth to taste, nose to smell, hands to touch, and that mysterious sense of the beyond. The outer world remains a-whirl with complex and powerful symbols, firing our human intellect, emotions, and imagination. Let us proceed.

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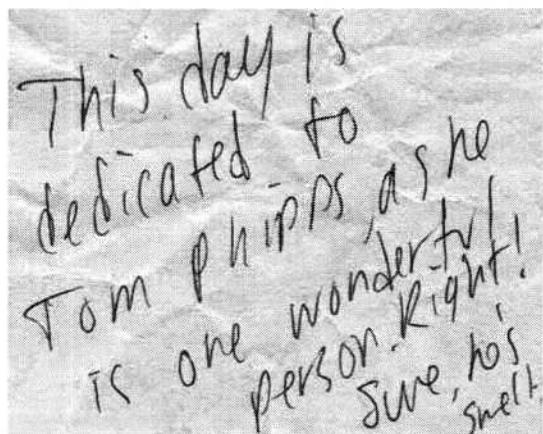
The spinning ball of time. All has been revealed and shall be revealed. The revelation is fleeting, and we soon forget the secrets that we learn. What did we learn? It was so clear a moment ago. The silent voices whispered in our inner ears the words of God, but those tales cannot be told again. How can we put those visions of the fittings and inter-twinings of time onto the written page? How can we discuss the fate of the genius and ignorance of humanity? The poet can weave a dance of words around the central secret, the fiery ball of truth, burning hot and cold in the endless aeon. Poetry can speak of the ancient rain falling outside of time, filling the oceans that swallowed old Atlantis, that nourish the fishes of the sea, that feed the highest mountain snows and fill the deepest springs with the water of life. Holy water that nourishes body and brings wisdom to the mind; that waters the soul; the individual soul and the collective soul. Fire and water. The wind flows on the open air, the breath of the gods, even as we all breathe from birth to death, and thereby are alive. The wind of intellect, inventing the universe by our own calculations, infinitely complex, ever more precise. All human machinations, a house of cards so easily blown away on the eternal winds, but with dogged determination, we build that house back up again, and again, and again, forever, or until we find other games beyond our bodies, beyond our breathe. We dwell upon the earth, our roots go deep into the soil, all the way to the bedrock of creation. We mulch the soil with all our discarded efforts, we cycle in the old ideas, through endless seasons of time, and from our compost watch new forms emerge.

A NEW MILLENNIUM

Imagine the year 999 and the rich of that era giving all of their wealth to the Church, endeavouring to buy a pew in Heaven. The poor huddled masses, stinking with disease and ignorance, howling in fear and loathing outside cathedral gates, waiting in horror for the world to end. The year 1000 dawned, and the flat earth endured fixed in the firmament. The rich could smell a clerical rat, but they were, as we might say, shit out of luck. The poor, relieved, returned to their hovels; their thoughts channeled into other superstitions. All those people, lords spiritual, lords temporal, and the peasantry eventually did die; individual deaths, common or heroic, but their descendants and heirs remained and shaped the earth, which became round, circling the sun, floating in space. They endured triumphs and destructions for another 1000 years, and the year 1999 saw the earth teeming with more bodies and minds than ever before, and linked by a vast electronic web of communications. People waited in anxious trepidation for the calender to change, hoarding food and money and weapons, attending their churches, consulting their psychics, expecting anarchy and Armageddon. It did not come to pass in the year 2000, at least not in a spectacular singular flash. Once again the Doomsday fans were disappointed, feeling vaguely cheated. In case of Rapture this station wagon will be unattended! Now 2001 has dawned, and Arthur C. Clarke reigns supreme, in Colombo if not the Moon Hilton. The descendants of those same frightened nobles of 999 still rule the world, and now have wealth far in excess of the wildest wet dreams of their privileged ancestors. The weak, the poor, the sick and hungry team on this blown earth ignorant as never before, while paradoxically the knowledge available to the many is greater than ever before. The World Wide Web exists and thrives, and the custodians of power have not figured - yet - how to control it or shut it down. Vast amounts of material and spiritual information are available, metaphors to help us reshape our world and our own lives, as we travel down the road another 1000 years towards the year 2999, 3000, 3001. Onward Adventure! Onward Evolution! Further!

JANUARY ALMANAC

- 1/1 NEW YEAR'S DAY
1600 Samuel Pepys began his famous diary.
- 1/3 1892 J. R. R. Tolkien was born.
1946 "Lord Haw Haw" (William Joyce) was hanged for treason in London.
- 1/4 1965 T. S. Eliot died.
1985 A. "Admo" Ward was born.
- 1/5 1951 Lisbeth and Walter Roessler were married.
- 1/6 EPIPHANY
- 1/9 FULL WOLF MOON
- 1/10 1776 *Common Sense*, a fifty page pamphlet by Thomas Paine, was published.
- 1/11 1904 Walter S. Roessler was born.
- 1/12 1876 Jack London born in San Francisco.
- 1/13 1941 James Joyce died in Zurich.
1993 Margo Skinner died in San Francisco.
- 1/17 1706 Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston.
1773 *The Resolution*, sailing under Captain James Cook, became the first ship to cross the Antarctic Circle.
- 1/19 1809 Edgar Allen Poe was born in Boston.
- 1/20 2001 INAUGURATION DAY
- 1/21 1960 Thomas R. Phipps was born.
- 1/22 1901 Queen Victoria of England died after reigning for 64 years.
1850 Labor leader Samuel Gompers born.
- 1/23 1989 Salvador Dali died.
- 1/24 NEW MOON
CHINESE NEW YEAR
Year of the Snake - 4699
- 1/25 1759 Robert Burns was born.
- 1/28 1939 William Butler Yeats died.
1986 Space Shuttle *Challenger* exploded.
1986 Harry Otto Fischer died.
1986 L. Ron Hubbard died.
- 1/30 1948 Mahatma Gandhi was assassinated.



Remember: January 21 is Tom Phipps Day!

PHIPPS FORMS EXPLORATORY COMMITTEE, EYES PRESIDENTIAL RUN IN 2004

Mayor Tom Phipps of Chicago has held recent meetings with key advisors to discuss a possible run for the White House in 2004. Roarshock Page received this information from anonymous sources who spoke only on condition of anonymity. If the Mayor does decide to run, it will be his first bid for national office.

On what platform would a Phipps campaign be based? Advisors close to the Mayor, are quick to point out that he would most certainly run on wanting to do to America what he's already done to Chicago. He will stress that his record as Mayor is spotless and stands up to the most detailed and invasive of scrutiny. They also suggest that it is likely he will adopt, at least parts of the Nettell Doctrine as major components in his plan for national renewal.

When asked if such discussions were premature, given that the new president select is only this January assuming the position, Phipps was said to have remarked that the timing could not be better.

Mayor Phipps has always proudly listed his party affiliation as "Decline To State," though he may run on the Reform Party Ticket, "If I can get Ross to bankroll me."

His trump card is said to be his choice for Vice President. He's not yet sure who she'll be, but she will be the most beautiful, buxom, and popular pop tart of 2004! A sure winner! Stay tuned!

ROARSHOCK PAGE, Volume 3, Number 2 will be available February 5.

D. A. Wilson's chapbook, *First Hours of a Rainy Day and Other Poems*, is available from Golden Land, \$10.00.

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